

Sr Joseph.

The house I built at Nazareth
Designed with loving care
To be cool in heat & warm in cold
For my gentle Lady fair.

The cradle I made at Nazareth
Was well & neatly done,
All carved about with Angel guards
For my little Foster Son.

The garden I dug at Nazareth
With ~~heads~~ in tidiest rows,
And flowers sweet for my Lady's joy,
The lily & the rose.

No house have we in Nazareth
By God's mysterious call;
The blazing sand our footsteps tread,
The desert makes our hall.

No cradle has her little son
Save in our loving arms;
No shelter for his tender head
Save desert's waving palms. P.T.O.

No flowers for my lovely wife
Save stars above her head;
Beneath our feet the cactus grows,
God's manna all our bread.

S^r Mary. My kindest Husband do not grieve
That we should exile be;
In God own time we shall return
To the home you built for me.

There you shall teach our little Son
To be a craftsman true;
The building up of pure design,
The making all things new.

See how my sweetest Baby smiles!
He takes it all as fun;
His garden is of all the world
For He is God's own Son!